An ANSWER TO THE Poor Whore's Complaint,

In a Letter, from a Bully Spark of the Town, to Mistress *Nell*, the common Crack of *Fleet-street*; containing his Sorrow for her sad Complaint.

To the Tune of, *The Guinea wins her*, &c.

AS I was ranging *Nelly*,
Through famous *London* City,
The Heart within my Belly,
Did grieve and ake with Pity,
For there I heard the Women sing,
Till they made the very Streets to ring,
That you were poor and bare,
And had no Smock to wear:
What Mistress *Nell*, thought I!
Sure this must be a lye,
But strait they did reply,
It was true, she having nothing scarce to do.

You had a good beginning,
And liv'd in seeming Glory,
But now your lace and linning
Is gone to Purgatory;
My meaning is the Broaker's claws;
Now I have consider'd what's the cause
That you so Poor are made,
'Tis can for want of Trade;
The Bullies Hearts may ake,
And their Foundations shake,
When Cracks in *Fleet-street* brake;
For I know, it soon will prove their overthrow.

Ah! *Nell*, there is too many,
With Impudence attended,
When there should not be any,
But what from Cracks descended;
Yet here they come up e'ry week,
From the very *Devil's Arse-a-peak*,
Both *East*, *West*, *North* and *South*,
And out of *Nelly*'s Mouth
They Eat the bread of Fame,
And tho' from *York* they came,
It is a burning shame
This should be, when of the Trade they are not Free.

But *Nelly*, with Submission,
This might be regulated;
Then draw up your Petition
To be incorporated;
The Parliment of Women, they
In their wisdom may find out a way,
By some new Female-Law,
To keep the Cracks in awe,
And make the number low,
For now in Troops they go,
Therefore, some Laws I know
Must be made, or they will ruin quite the Trade.

There ought to be no other,
According to Discretion,
But those whose tender Mother,
Was of the same Profession;
But here's *Doll*, *Bridget*, *Kate* and *Prue*,
A ragged tribe of Deal knows who,
Took up the Trade of late,
And work at any rate;
They do at Corners ply,
And as Men passes by,
They have them in their eye,
Ah! poor *Nell*, this clearly spoils thy living well.

From *Fleet-street* to the *Tower*,
In all the Nanny-houses,
There's common Cracks a power,
Full five and fifty Thousand,
A now to over-run the Land;
Therefore let's endeavour out of hand,
These *Gillions* to suppress,
And make the number less,
For if we don't subdue,
This tatter'd ragged crew,
'Twill be the worse for you,
Nell, I know, 'tis they that keeps the Prizes low.

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